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78
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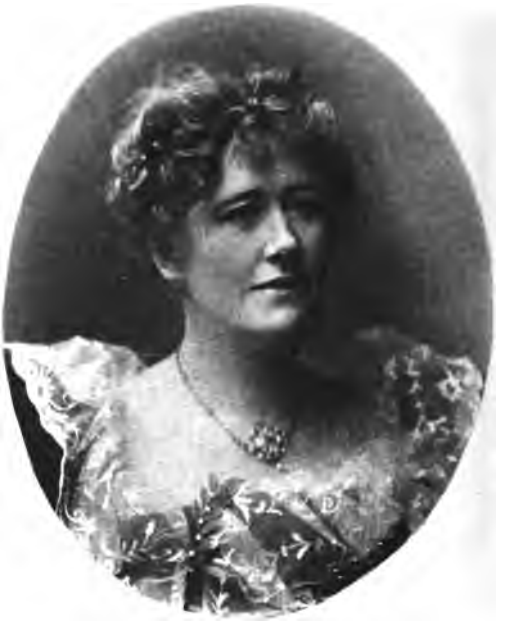
ELLEN TERRY



Miss Ellen Terry

ELLEN TERRY

By

CLEMENT SCOTT

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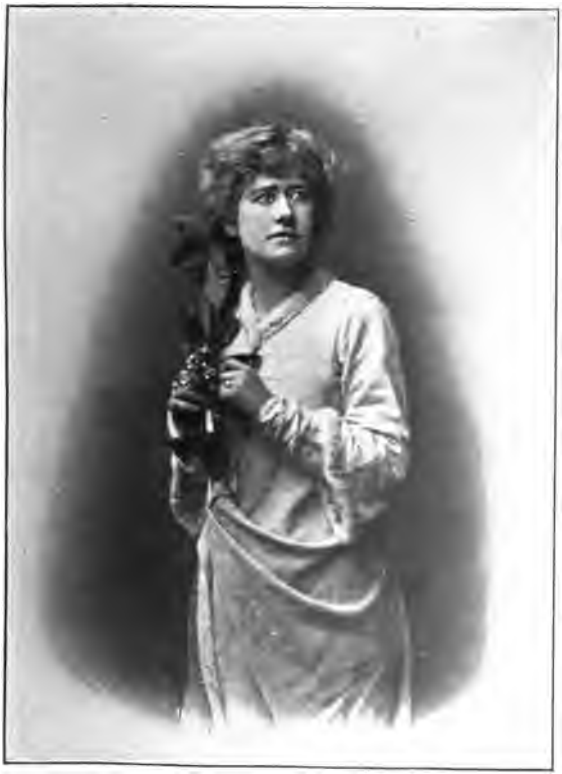
ELLEN TERRY

AN APPRECIATION

IF it be a gift to think of lovely girls and women whom we have worshipped in early life, only in their first youth, only in the pure charm of their earliest influence, only when they were "queen roses of the rosebuds, gardens of girls" — then this happily is a gift that I for one possess, and which I studiously endeavour to cultivate.

Women who have inspired men with love, or loyalty, or homage, or respect, should never be allowed to grow old.

Why is it that we remember the impressions of yesterday far more distinctly and vividly than the casual excitements of to-day? The page of childhood is bright and clear; the manuscript of middle or old age is blurred, blotted, and indistinct. My first play, my first Hamlet, my first Juliet, my first Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, are cut like cameos on the memory. But with ease I forget the name of the play, of the actor and the actress that I saw last week. I have to invent for the first time in my life a "memoria technica" to recall them. I close my eyes as in a reverie, and am in fancy escorted miles and



MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Ophelia in "Hamlet"

miles back on the tempestuous journey of life.

I am in a humble dancing Academy in a North London suburb, presided over by an ugly little man bearing the unromantic name of "Jenks." He wears pumps with bows, and he plays to the children on a diminutive little fiddle known in those days as a "kit." But the then grassy and flowered suburb, the mean little Academy fellow with his tiny fiddle, and all the details of an unaccustomed scene sink into insignificance beside the still vivid picture in my mind of a fair-haired child with a cream-white face, sitting on an uncomfor-

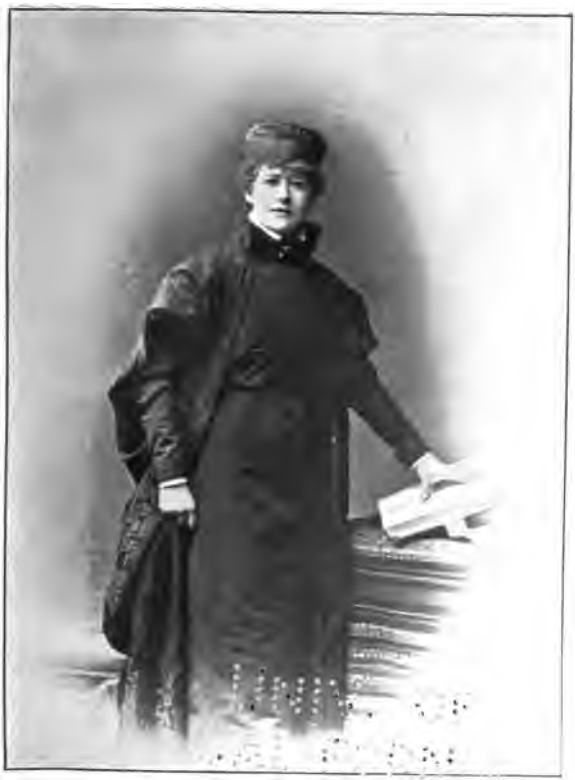
table bench in a blue silk frock, dangling her little legs encased in white silk stockings ending in white sandalled shoes. How I worshipped that little Elsie; what a thrill it gave me when I was allowed to choose her as a partner in baby valse or childish cotillon; how my heart seemed to break when I was dragged home; how I seldom slept at night and kept my devotion religiously to myself, for fear that the purity of my love might be soiled by ridicule or ribaldry; how it all ended in a dream, as dreamlike it began! Well, let me dream again! It is a child's party on Twelfth Night, for we

had Twelfth Night parties in those merry days, and we had a Twelfth Cake, and drew "characters" who should be King and Queen of the Feast on that annual festivity.

I was in luck's way on that occasion, for, either by chance, or management of an affectionate mother, I was selected King, and my Queen was another angel with corn-coloured hair. She was to me as Robertson says, "like china with a soul in it." I loved her at a distance when I was a surpliced chorister in church, and I thought her an angel, because she resembled one in the painted window over the altar, and on this particular

angel I bestowed all the wealth of my youthful imagination. But I fear she was a very material angel; for when we were out of church, and away from anthems and Kyrie Eleisons and chants and hymns, and found ourselves side by side as Twelfth Night King and Queen, I remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday, that during the very darkest scene of a magic lantern show I felt a tiny pair of arms around my neck, and heard a whisper, "Kiss me, my King, you may, you must!"

Fancy leads me to Ilford in Essex, then, as it seemed to me, in the heart of the country, and to a huge



MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Portia in "The Merchant of Venice."

Georgian house with a romantic walled garden where an adorable girl of eighteen or nineteen took me for her child lover, and sang me songs in a quiet corner of an old deserted drawing-room, and made me blush at table when she looked at me; and in the gloaming when all was still I heard the "frou frou" of her dress, and her entry in the half dark to bend over my cot and "kiss me good-night."

Again I am at Bournemouth when it consisted of one row of houses, a High Church, and a deserted beach, carving the name of "Alice" on the trees in Westover Gardens;

and I am at Stony Stratford sitting under the apple blossoms in a garden full of lilacs and lavender, listening to the tender voice of a "Belle Marie;" and I am in the blue-bell woods of Somersetshire, which seemed "the heavens upbreaking through the earth," when in the divine company of Geraldine. And so on, and so on, and so on.

And then I awaken from these reveries and dreams, and say to myself, "Do you appreciate the solemn fact that all these idols of your boyhood and your youth, in the lovely primrose and King-cup days, are old women now, verging upon sixty years?"

I cannot believe it. I refuse to recognise the fact. To me they will ever be what they always were, young, and sweet, and tender, and pure, and beautiful.

In fancy Ellen Terry must have been the love dream of many men of susceptibility and strong imagination, for in her days of girlhood she was distinctly the most romantic-looking creature I had ever seen. Of course I saw her as a child when she was in Charles Kean's company at the Princess's in Oxford Street, with her sister Kate and her good old father "Ben Terry," busy behind the scenes, the factotum of the manager and manageress, for *Mrs.*

Charles Kean was quite as important a person as her husband.

I can well recall Ellen Terry with the child's "go-cart" as Mamillius in the *Winter's Tale*. I must have seen her many a time at the old Bristol Theatre in the glorious days of the elder Chute, for all my relatives lived at Clifton, and I was there every year in the playgoing days of the Tom Cannings and Fuidges and Fords and Beloes and Stocks and Fripps, who scarcely ever missed a première when the splendid and well organised company contained such names as Marie Wilton and Kate as well as Ellen Terry and Henrietta Hodson, and

Madge Robertson and the brothers Rignold, George and William, and Arthur Stirling, and W. H. Vernon and Wood and Fosbroke, who alone I think remained true to the Bristol Chute allegiance.

The impressions left on the mind by what were more or less children actresses are never very vivid. In those Bristol days they were all very clever and remarkably well trained. All these at any rate illustrate the old adage that "practice makes perfect," for they one and all rose to considerable fame in their profession. They were nearly all children of actors and actresses, humble and honest folk who did

not value themselves so highly or give themselves such airs and graces as their brothers and sisters do in these days. They worked and worked hard, I can tell you, but their heads were well screwed on.

Two passages from *Much Ado About Nothing* have always seemed to me to convey exactly the idea of Ellen Terry, both in youth and womanhood; they suggest that extraordinary "charm" that the actress recently in America was unable to define, though I, for one, could have embodied it in two words, "Ellen Terry."

The passages from Shakespeare to which I allude are these,

MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Olivia in "Olivia"

Don Pedro. Will you have me, lady?
Beatrice. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day. But I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.
Don Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.
Beatrice. No sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that I was born! Cousins, God give you joy!

Now if William Shakespeare had had the model before him he could not have drawn a more perfect picture of Ellen Terry than this.

She was indeed "born to speak all mirth and no matter." If ever lovely woman was "born in a merry hour," it was Ellen Terry, for she can scarcely be serious for an hour together, and is never happier than when she is playing some practical joke on her more serious companions.

And who whilst life lasts can ever forget how the actress in the character of Beatrice, one of the most enchanting personations of my time, one of the most exquisite realisations of a Shakespearian heroine that any of us have ever seen, spoke those words, — "No sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there

was a star danced, and under that I was born."

Why, it was not Beatrice but Ellen Terry, personated by Ellen Terry. It was a revelation.

The other quotation from the same play, *Much Ado About Nothing*, is Hero's description of her cousin, Beatrice, which is simply Ellen Terry in action.

"For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference."

Is this not an exact description of the Ellen Terry movement which others so ludicrously attempt to imitate? She does not run off the

stage, or skip up the steps of an Italian garden. She simply floats seemingly on the air. A more exquisitely graceful movement has never been seen from any other actress. But Shakespeare has hit it. She like "a lapwing runs close by the ground." It is the skimming of a bird in the air. Ellen Terry did that lapwing run to perfection when she was sent to invite Benedick to dinner, and left him with the famous chaffing rejoinder,

"You have no stomach, signior: fare you well."

And up the marble steps ran the lapwing.

But before this merry lapwing period of Ellen Terry's art, there was another and, to my mind, almost a more enchanting one. Years before she played Beatrice at the Lyceum, she had enacted Hero at the Haymarket.

I think that when Ellen Terry first appeared at the Haymarket after her baby performances under the Keans at the Princess's Theatre, and her school-girl exercises at Bristol under good old Chute, — a warm upholder of Macready and the classical school, — I never saw a more enchanting and ideal creature. She was a poem that lived and breathed, and suggested to us the

girl heroines that we most adored in poetry and the fine arts generally. Later on, as we all know, Ellen Terry played Queen Guinevere; but at this period she was "Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable, Elaine the Lily Maid of Astolat." She was Vivien with her mad girlish pranks. She might have sat for Rapunzel in that earliest book of Morris, *The Defence of Guinevere.* We pictured her as the luckless woman in that lovely but comparatively unknown poem, *The Haystack in the Floods.* Most of our favourite queens in verse were made realities by Ellen Terry. I saw her as the "Gardener's Daughter." Again and

again I saw her as I read and re-read Tennyson's *Princess.* She was the Porphyria of Robert Browning, and surely one of the crowned queens in the Morte d'Arthur.

I wish I could paint with pen an even vague suggestion of this enchanting personality, tall, fair, willowy, with hair like spun gold, a faultless complexion, the very poetry of movement, with that wonderful deep-toned voice that has a heart-throb in it.

What wonder that when painters and poets saw Ellen Terry play Hero they raved about her! We were then in what I may call the second Pre-Raffaelite movement in

art. Millais and Holman Hunt and Madox Brown and Charles Collins and their companions belonged to a former age. Our enthusiasms were now devoted to the Dante Gabriel Rossetti set, of which Arthur Hughes, Frederick Sandys, and others were prominent members. The text-book in art that we followed was a weekly illustrated periodical, "Once a Week," that cultivated what I may call modern mediævalism, and we seemed to see Ellen Terry's face, or something like it, on almost every page. It has been the regret of my life that I never preserved those early illustrated numbers of

"Once a Week" when it was edited by Lucas and Edward Walford.

I had special advantages for the study and culture of work of the Rossetti school; for very early in life I was a member of the Arundel Club, held in an old-world house at the bottom of Salisbury Street, in the Strand, long since destroyed, — a club of literary Bohemians whose walls were hung with priceless pictures and engravings collected by the lifelong friend of Rossetti and Sandys, John Anderson Rose, an art-loving solicitor.

Small wonder then that such a face and form should appeal to men of imagination and culture. Ellen

Terry at that time was the most unreal thing to look at that I ever beheld. When she had done suggesting Tennyson and Browning and William Morris, who in early life had painted the frescoes in the old Union at Oxford, and was now designing wall-papers, the pomegranate pattern — blue, green, and yellow — and the daisy pattern for our lifelong delight, this mysterious creature galloped off with our imaginations to German mysticisms and became Undine, or the idol of Sintram and his companions, and the Shadowless Man.

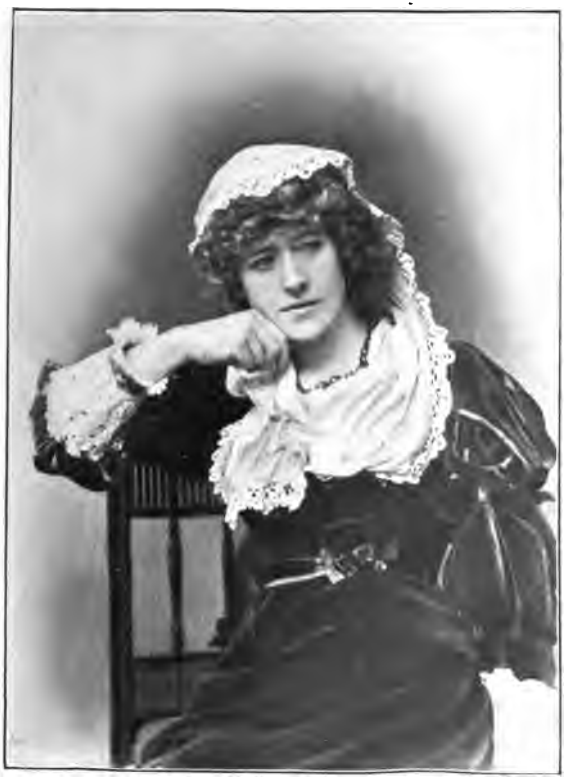
Of this particular painter-set, Arthur Lewis, the future brother-in-law of

Ellen, was a kind of art patron. He was an artist himself, and his bachelor banquets to artists and musicians were very memorable functions indeed, in the early sixties.

Through his good offices, he created "The Wandering Minstrels," and I think that my own brother-in-law, George du Maurier, who had just commenced his brilliant career as an artist on "Punch," "Once a Week," the "Cornhill Magazine," and other periodicals, first distinguished himself as a singer and raconteur at the well remembered artistic salon at Moray Lodge, Campden Hill.

In the artistic world, Ellen Terry and her sister Kate had another very influential godfather in Tom Taylor, the dramatist, art critic for "The Times," and often the dramatic critic for the same important paper during the absence of John Oxenford. This amiable gentleman devoted himself heart and soul to the personal interest of the Terry girls from the moment he discovered their rare and unique talent at Bristol. Never did two clever débutantes have a more loyal or devoted friend.

The biographies that I have seen of these gifted sisters teem with inaccuracies of an extraordinary



MISS ELLEN TERRY

As Queen Henrietta Maria in "Charles the First"

kind. One glaring one I may be permitted to correct here in connection with the early fame of Kate Terry. It has been said with authority that the elder sister, Kate, came to London straight from Bristol, and was engaged by Charles Fechter for his first managerial venture at the Lyceum Theatre. This is wholly incorrect.

As I happened to be present when Kate Terry made her first astonishing London success, I may perhaps be permitted to describe it.

It was at the St. James Theatre, when managed by Miss Ruth Herbert (Mrs. Crabbe), in 1862; the same theatre in which later on in

1866 Henry Irving made his first London success.

It was probably Tom Taylor who obtained the first London engagement for Kate Terry, a beautiful girl, but of a different pattern from her sister Ellen. Kate was a pure English beauty; Ellen, as I have said before, was ideal, mystical, and mediæval.

In 1862 Miss Herbert produced at the St. James a version of Sardou's *Nos Intimes*, called *Friends or Foes*, the same play that Charley Stephenson and your humble servant turned into *Peril*, a play that lives on the stage today, though Horace Wigan's version has long since been forgotten.

The play was admirably cast. George Vining, the good old Frank Matthews, husband and wife, admirable comedians; Fred Dewar, who afterwards made such a hit with Patty Oliver at the little Royalty; Fred Charles, the ever-young, and of course Miss Herbert, one of the loveliest and stateliest women the stage has ever seen, as Mrs. Union, the tempted wife. A small part in the cast, that of a girl ingénue, was awarded to Kate Terry. On one occasion Miss Herbert fell ill, and her understudy for the great part in the play, Kate Terry, was warned that she might be wanted in the emergency. Faithful Tom

Taylor was warned of the event, and you may be sure he was present to watch the progress of his young protégée. I happened to be present on that night also, for some of us youngsters at the Arundel Club, notably two persistent playgoers and Oxford (Brasenose) chums, Adams Reilly and Charles J. Stone, were enthusiasts in the Terry cause.

On that never-to-be-forgotten night this young girl, Kate Terry, made an astounding success. Her name was scarcely known; no one knew that we had amongst us a young actress of so much beauty, talent, and, what was more wonderful still,

true dramatic power, — for the temptation scene wants acting and not the kind of trifling that we see in these modern and amateurish days.

The next morning Tom Taylor, in "The Times," let himself go, and blew the trumpet in praise of the new actress, Kate Terry. Her fame was made from that minute. She never turned back.

Her grace, beauty, and talent attracted the Baroness Burdett Coutts and Fechter, who engaged Kate Terry for Blanche de Nevers in his first venture, the *Duke's Motto*. She was the heroine in *Bel Demonio* and other Lyceum productions.

From there she went to the Olympic, where she was the art comrade of Henry Neville and Charles Coghlan in many of Tom Taylor's plays. From thence she went to the Adelphi, to help Charles Reade and others, and there took her farewell of the stage on her marriage to Arthur Lewis. In recent years she returned, however, to her old love, and supported her clever daughter under the management of her old and devoted friend, John Hare.

Homer himself did not enjoy so many disputed birthplaces as Ellen Terry.

"Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodes, Argos, Athena."

MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Camma in the "Cup"

We all remember that school-boy hexameter. Homeric students may settle the Homeric birthplace for themselves.

Ellen Terry or her family or someone who ought to know have decided that she was born in Coventry, the famous midland city of Lady Godiva.

"I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this."

The last Poet Laureate might have added a Godiva sequel in Coventry's second heroine, Ellen

Terry, for some of us can see her too,

". . . looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: . . .
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee."

But even now they cannot decide in what house the famous actress of the future was born or where "her mother cried," and that lucky star danced over the "three tall spires." One would have thought that somewhere under those same Coventry spires was hidden a parish register which would have recorded the date of birth, the place and parentage of the baby Ellen, "Our Nell" of the

future. The Coventry tradesmen still battle for the Ellen Terry birthplace, and fiercely struggle for the supremacy of fame.

But if doubt exists concerning the actual house in Coventry, to which our Nell will never be sent so long as she lives, there is still greater doubt concerning the actual part in which she made her first appearance.

I think that the playgoing world is more interested in that, than in the precise room where Ellen Terry was born in a midland town, when her father, Ben Terry, and his wife, who gave to the world children one and all of such remarkable beauty

and talent, were on a wandering tour in the early forties.

Beauty and comeliness seem to be clustered in theatrical families. The Rignolds, the Robertsons, and the Standings are striking examples of hereditary beauty and talent combined.

But they all pale before the Terrys. Think of it, Kate, with her lovely figure and comely features; Ellen, with her quite indescribable charm; Marion, with a something in her deeper, more tender, and more feminine than either of them; Florence, who became lovelier as a woman than as a girl; and the brothers, Fred and Charles, both

splendid specimens of the athletic Englishman.

This is a family of which any parents might be proud, and proud they were of their gifted children, for they never missed a first night when one or other of them had to "face the music."

That this sweet home feeling was mutual and reciprocal is proved by a letter written to me by Ellen Terry on the 6th of March 1892, which I much value and cherish. It shows not only her own kind and affectionate heart, but that of her brothers and sisters also.

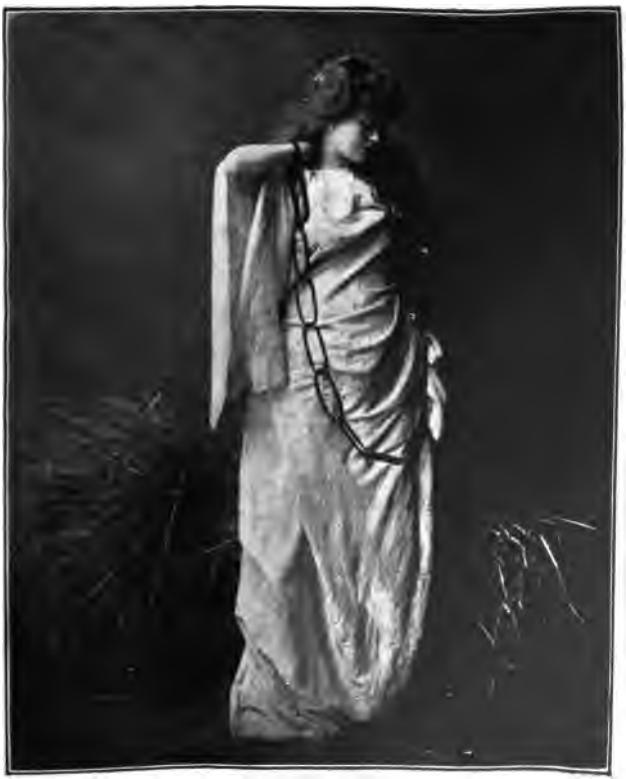
22 Barkeston Gardens, Earl's Court, S.W.
6th March, 1892.

It was you, I feel sure, who wrote the tender words about our pretty, sweet mother, and I should like to be able to tell you how much we all loved them, as we read them, and always shall love them, only I can't speak as I feel.

Thank you again and again. There is no one left in the world now who is just the same as she was.

Yours affectionately,
Ellen Terry.

And now as to the disputed point about Ellen Terry's first appearance on any stage. On September 21, 1887, when I was editing the "Theatre Magazine," I received



MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Margaret in "Faust"

the following memorandum from a very learned theatrical authority on the subject of Ellen Terry's baby efforts as an actress.

It was as follows: —

MISS ELLEN TERRY'S FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

In "The Dramatic List" (1880) Mr. Pascoe in his notice of Miss Ellen Terry, after stating that she was born in 1848, mentions that she made her first appearance on the Stage as Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale*, at the Princess's, April 28, 1856. This notice had been submitted to Miss Terry, and approved of by her for publication. In "The Theatre," of June, 1880, Mr. Dutton Cook had an article on Miss Ellen Terry's early appearances, in

which he made a statement contradictory of the one approved by Miss Terry, his words being, "The sisters (Kate and Ellen) figured together as the Princes murdered in the Tower by Mr. Charles Kean as Richard III. My recollection of Miss Ellen Terry dates from her impersonation of the little Duke of York." The present performance of Miss Mary Anderson of *The Winter's Tale* has again brought up this question, and Mr. Cook's statement has been repeated by Mr. Moy Thomas in his interesting column "The Theatres," in the "Daily News."

As a careful examination of the file of the Princess's Play Bills in the British Museum shows, the documentary evidence is completely against Mr. Cook's statement. *Richard the Third* was pro-

duced at the Princess's on February 20, 1854, and ran nineteen non-consecutive nights up to April 17th, when it expired from inaction. The following characters were performed: —

King Edward the Fourth (Mr. Graham), Edward, Prince of Wales (Miss Maria Ternan), Richard, Duke of York (Miss Kate Terry), Richard, Duke of Gloster (Mr. Charles Kean), Henry, Earl of Richmond (John Ryder, up to March 27th, and March 31st and to end of the run, Walter Lacy), Lord Mayor of London (Mr. Terry), Miss Heath, Miss Murray, and Mrs. Walter Lacy playing the ladies' part; Miss Ellen Terry's name is in none of the nineteen Bills, while Miss Ternan's and Kate Terry's names are in each Bill for *The Princes Murdered in*

the Tower. As the Bills did not run for weeks, or even days, without alterations as our modern programmes do, but were reset and issued as fresh Bills for each performance, any change of the cast would have been easily made had such been necessary, as indeed it was made when Walter Lacy took the part of Richmond, instead of John Ryder.

It is not to be supposed that a gentleman of Mr. Charles Kean's standing would permit the published Bills to represent Miss Ternan as the Prince of Wales, while the part was being played by someone else. Of course, in the event of sudden indisposition, it is possible that Kate Terry took Miss Ternan's part for a night, and that Ellen took the part of "the Little Duke of York," but if so the fact would have

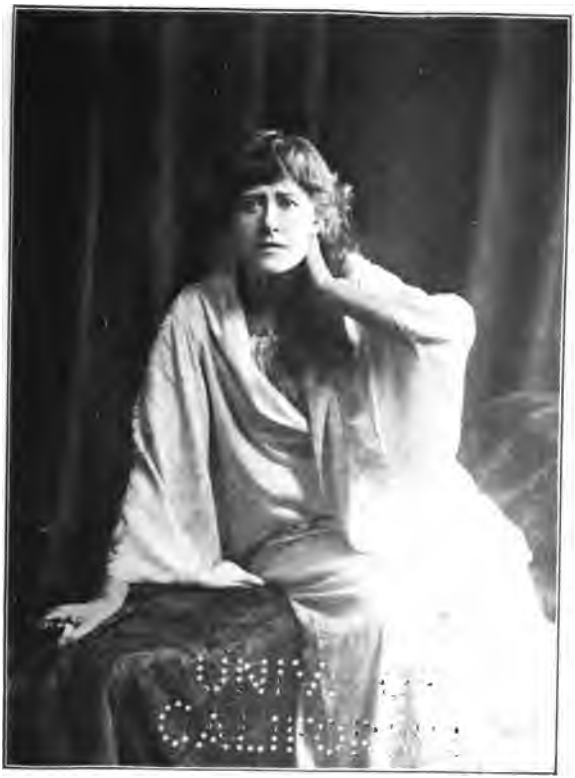
been remembered either by Ellen Terry or some member of her family, and so communicated to Mr. Pascoe for his Biography. Mr. Moy Thomas supplements Dutton Cook's statement by adding that it was in April Mr. Cook witnessed Ellen Terry as the "Little Duke of York." If so, as *Richard* was only performed in April, on Monday the 3rd, Friday the 7th, and Monday the 17th, the question is narrowed down considerably.

Dutton Cook's statement was made in 1880, over twenty-six years after the event. If he did not take a note of this almost unnoticeable change of cast at the time, it is marvellous how so small an incident, out of so many, could have impressed itself or be impressed upon his memory so as

to be remembered twenty-six years afterwards.

Miss Ellen Terry, being then but a child a little over five years of age, cannot herself remember the incident, and as she is committed to her first appearance in *The Winter's Tale*, Dutton Cook's statement lacks corroboration, especially in the face of the testimony of the play-bills themselves.

While it is possible that Ellen Terry appeared for one night in consequence of Miss Ternan's supposed sudden indisposition, it is also possible, nay probable, that Mr. Cook's memory had played him false when trusting to recall so small an incident twenty-six years after it occurred. The point, however, is interesting,



MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet"

and probably may now be definitely settled.

Yours truly,

GEORGE TAWSE.

BELSIZE ROAD, LONDON, N. W.

I naturally consulted the fair lady most concerned in the discussion, for, as she herself humourously puts it, "fax is fax."

This is her reply to me, dated September 26, 1887.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

My Dear Clement Scott,

Mr. Dutton Cook's statement was inaccurate, that's all! I did n't contradict it, although asked to do so by my father at the time, for I thought it of little, if of any interest.

The very first time I ever appeared on any stage was on the first night of *The Winter's Tale*, at the Princess's Theatre, with dear Charles Kean. As for the young Princes, — them unfortunate little men, I never played — not neither of them — there!

What a cry about a little wool! It's flattering to be fussed about, but "Fax is Fax!"

I hope you are very well and your little girl also. I am very well, and my big girl is well, and I am

Yours ever,

E. T.

P. S. — I was born in Coventry, 1848, and was, I think, about seven when I played in *The Winter's Tale.*

But even this did not satisfy the industrious student of play-bills.

Mr. Tawse returned to the attack on September 28, 1887, and brought out some more interesting facts concerning the first appearance not only of Ellen Terry, but of her sister Kate and of Mrs. Kendal.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your letter of the 26th, respecting Miss Ellen Terry's first appearance on the stage.

Regarding your enquiry as to the Pantomime played at the Princess's the same year as *Richard the Third*, is there not a mistake in saying it was "Bluff King Hal"?

The Pantomime running at the Princess's concurrently with *Richard the Third* was *Harlequin, and the Miller and his Men*, and it ran sixty-eight

times, ending on the 18th of March, 1854, Miss Kate Terry playing the Fairy. The next one produced on Boxing Night, 1854, was *Blue Beard, the Great Bashaw, &c.* Preciosa, the Good Fairy, by Miss *Kate* Terry (Ellen's name not in the Bill). This ran on till March, Miss Kate Terry's name, however, being taken out on February 24, 1855, and Miss Caroline Parkes playing the Fairy instead.

There was a Miss Eliza Terry at the Surrey Theatre at this time, but she was another woman.

Respecting first appearances, Mr. Pascoe, in his notice of Kate Terry, is careful not to fix the date of her first appearance, farther than it was at the Princess's under Charles Kean. The earliest date he mentions is February

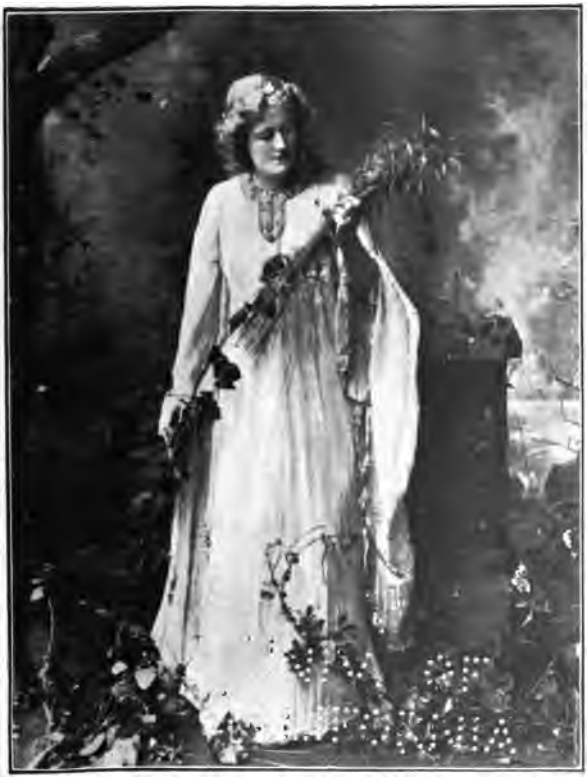
9, 1852, when Kate played Arthur in *King John*. But I have a Princess's Bill dated January 12, 1852, with her as Robin, page to Falstaff, and afterwards in the Pantomime. Even that may not be her earliest, for I have not searched any complete file. My own fairish collection, however, is not complete. Then Mrs. Kendal: Pascoe says Miss Robertson appeared in 1852, at the Marylebone Theatre as the Blind Child in *The Seven Poor Travellers*. 1852 is a printer's error for 1855, for the Dickens' story was not published until December, 1854, and the drama was produced at the Marylebone on February 26, 1855,—the father, mother, and Tom the dramatist, along with Miss Robertson, all in the piece together. I have the play-bill. But I have a bill nearly

two years earlier at the Marylebone with Miss Robertson as a child in the cast. I communicated this to Mrs. Kendal, and she said she had no recollection of her earlier appearances. She had been informed of them partly by a note-book of her father's, and partly by the recollections of E. F. Edgar, a fellow-actor of the time.

Yours truly,

GEORGE TAWSE.

P.S. — I shall feel much obliged if you will kindly let me know Miss Ellen Terry's opinion respecting her first appearance on the stage, and after your purposes are served, I should esteem it a favour if you will kindly let me have her letter (if not a private one) to retain in connection with this matter.



MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Fair Rosamund in "Becket"

I need hardly say that my respected correspondent did not get the Ellen Terry letter. It is carefully preserved amongst my valuable epistolary archives, which in the long future may be of considerable interest.

The 10th of October, 1887, brought me another note from Mr. Tawse, bristling with history and play-bill lore.

Dear Mr. Scott,

I beg to return the portion of Miss Ellen Terry's letter I received this morning. I have given a hasty turn over to my Bills (I am, however, not rich in pantomimes), but can find no scent of a *Simple Simon.* Does Miss

Terry imply that the pantomime she appeared in was a Princess's and a Charles Kean's Pantomime? If so, she is certainly mistaken in the name. From April, 1856, her first appearance, to August, 1859, close of Charles Kean's management, there were only three pantomimes: 1856, *Aladdin*; 1857, *White Cat*; 1858, *King of the Castle*. As those Bills are not in my collection I shall look at the Museum Bills. But as I suspect *Simple Simon* may have been a Surrey or new suburban pantomime, I would like to know whether you can give me any more definite clue than she gives in her letter, so that I may search with a prospect of speedy success. I assume the panto she appeared in was between April, 1856, and March, 1863, when

(Pascoe says) she made her professional début at the Haymarket. If it was in the provinces, it will be difficult to trace.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE TAWSE.

P. S. — Pascoe does not mention the following appearances of Ellen Terry: October, 1856, Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream*; 1858, Easter Monday, *Faust and Marguerite* (she did not play in the first production of this in 1854); October, 1858, Arthur in *King John* (this I think Pascoe does mention); 17th November, 1858, Fleance in *Macbeth*, not mentioned either by Pascoe or Blanchard in "Era Almanack." In Kean's *Richard the Second*, *The Tempest*, *King Lear*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Henry the Fifth*,

and *Henry the Eighth*, which closed the list, Ellen Terry had no part, according to my bills.

And now I thought I would turn to one of the greatest living authorities on the subject, — my ever-lamented friend, Edward Leman Blanchard, who was a perfect mine of information, as anyone can see who reads his Life, — a book that should be on the shelves of every dramatic student and critic. He was a playgoer from boyhood, the son of an actor, — the celebrated comedian Blanchard, — and a dramatic critic from his earliest youth. Here is Blanchard's reply to my letter:

My Dear Scott,

Pardon the delay of this response to your enquiry *re* Ellen Terry's first appearance on the stage, but I have been making industrious researches among my dusty books and papers for the last four days. At last I am able to put you at least on the track of *Simple Simon*, though I doubt if the clever (and still young) lady who must have been born in 1843, would care to have the date divulged. I have recorded all I can gather on the accompanying slip of paper, and if you can get any friend in Glasgow to look at the Glasgow newspaper file for Christmas, 1848 or 1849, and tell you the title of the Glasgow Theatre Royal Pantomimes for those years, the "Mys Tery" will be solved to your own sat-

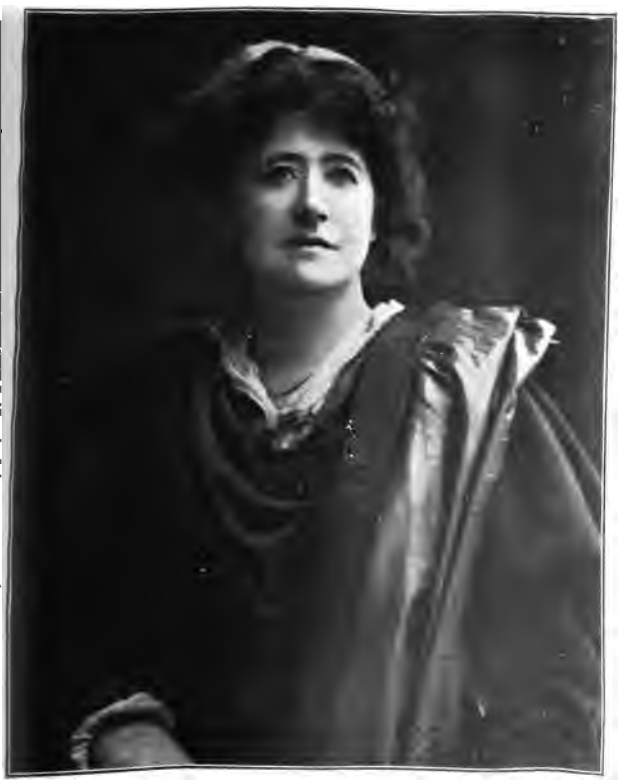
isfaction. I have not been able to find some old copies of the "Theatrical Times," I once had, published at that period, and thus have no record of the provincial pantomimes for those dates.

Yours always faithfully,

E. L. BLANCHARD.

In Re Ellen Terry:

In 1848, Mr. and Mrs. Terry and their two daughters were engaged by John Alexander for the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. The two daughters played the Princes in *Richard the Third*, and the father acted the Lieutenant of the Tower, Mrs. R. H. Wyndham (who I think still survives), afterwards of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, being the Lady Anne. *Simple Simon* was probably the pantomime at the Glasgow Theatre Royal



MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Imogen in "Cymbeline"

that year, or more likely the following year, 1849. It might have been 1850, as that house was where the children acquired their early stage practice.
John Alexander, the Manager, died December 15, 1851.
The Theatre Royal, Glasgow, was burned down in January, 1863.

E. L. B.

N. B. — Mrs. Wyndham would hardly be likely to have kept more than the play-bills recording her own performances, or the Glasgow papers would probably be the best reference if pantomime notices were then written at any length giving cast of characters, etc.

The diligent searcher in play-bills was not, however, to be beaten, and

he triumphantly discovered that Ellen Terry played a fairy in a Princess's pantomime on Boxing Night, 1857.

I have succeeded in tracing Miss Ellen Terry's first appearance in Pantomime. It was not in a Panto called *Simple Simon*, but in the Panto by J. M. Morton played at the Princess's, and brought out on December 26, 1857, called *Harlequin and the White Cat; or Blanchflower and Her Fairy Godmother*, and which ran seventy-eight times, expiring on March 27, 1858.

The following were some of the characters: —

Simple Simon the 232d (King of the Verdant Islands), Mr. Paulo (afterwards clown); Count Verygreenindeeds, etc., Mr. Collett;

The Princess Blanchflower, etc., Master R. Hodsdon; Her Royal Nurse, Mr. Taylor; The White Cat, Miss Kate Terry.

Immortals. — The Fairy Goldenstar (no connection with the Comet), Miss Ellen Terry; The Fairy Topaz (a gem of the first water), Miss Emily Edwards; The Fairy Rosebud (a young lady just coming out), Miss Clara Denvil; The Fairy Dragonetta (not invited to stand Godmother, and therefore determined not to stand nonsense), Miss Amelia Smith.

I have examined all the Bills; Ellen Terry's name appears in every one as Fairy Godmother, Amelia Smith always as Fairy Dragonetta, so that when Miss Terry took Miss Smith's part (through illness) of the Bad Fairy, someone must have taken Miss Terry's part of the Good Fairy. No doubt this

had only occurred for one or two nights, and the parts being so very inferior it would not be deemed necessary to correct the Bills. At the same time, to show that Charles Kean was an exact man, in December, 1855, pantomime *Maid and the Magpie,* Kate Terry, who played Fairy Paradisa, fell ill soon after the piece started, and Miss Rose Leclerq's name was immediately put in the Bill, in consequence of Kate Terry's, illness; within a fortnight she recovered, when her name resumed its place. In a few days she fell ill again, and Miss Rose Leclerq's name was again put in, and remained there till the end of the run.

There can be no doubt, I think, that *The White Cat,* December, 1857, was the pantomime in which our Ellen

Terry made a success of the *Bad* Fairy. I cannot inform you whether she took a part in the pantomime of 1858, *King of the Castle;* because, unfortunately, the Museum file of the Princess's play-bills ends early in 1858, and my own collection lacks this and other pantomime bills. She did not have a part in *Aladdin or the Wonderful Lamp*, in December, 1856.

I think the following is a correct list of Ellen Terry's early appearances on the stage, all at the Princess's under the Charles Kean management.

April 28, 1856 (first appearance), Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale.* October 15, 1856, Puck or Robin Goodfellow, a Fairy in *Midsummer Night's Dream;* December 26, 1857, the Fairy "Golden Star" in *The White Cat* Pantomime,

also the Fairy Dragonetta, when Amelia Smith was ill. April 5, 1858, Karl in *Faust and Marguerite;* October 18th, Prince Arthur in *King John;* November 17th, Fleance in *Macbeth* (revivals and for a short time only). Kean's management closed August 29, 1859. Pascoe's biography infers that Ellen Terry did not appear on the stage again until March, 1863, when she made her professional début at the Haymarket.

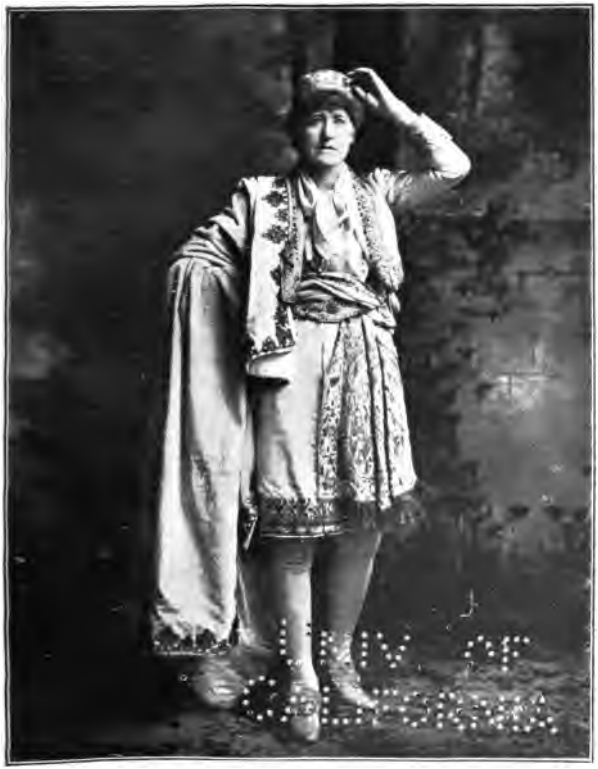
Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE TAWSE.

P. S.—I have seen a Bill of *King of the Castle*, and Ellen Terry's name is not on it, neither is her sister Kate's.

Dear Mr. Scott,

I find I have unwittingly led you into error in a small way by my pencilled



MISS ELLEN TERRY.
As Viola in "Twelfth Night"

note in my last letter. I there mentioned that Ellen Terry did not play in Charles Kean's pantomime, *King of the Castle*, produced December 28, 1858; but I made a mistake; she did play. "The Genius of the Jewels" — Miss Ellen Terry — is at least on the Bill for the first, second, third, and fourth time. As the Princess's file of Bills in the British Museum is incomplete, I called on a friend (a fellow playbill worm), and saw his copy of *King of the Castle*, where her name does *not* appear; but his Bill is about the *termination of the run*, and I naturally assumed she had not been in it at all. Since then I have found the first night Bill, with her name in it as above, and also the second, third, and fourth nights.

It is most probable that *The White Cat*, December, 1857, and *King of the Castle*, Xmas, 1858, were the only pantomimes in which she ever played. These were the last two pantomimes produced by Charles Kean, and, as we do not hear of Ellen Terry at any other theatre until she came out at the Haymarket in 1863, the assumption is a fair one.

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE TAWSE.

We all know the story of the young Ellen Terry's marvellous "shriek" in a play called *Attar Gull*, during the Albina de Rhona engagement at the Royalty Theatre —the scene of Charles Wyndham's début as a burlesque actor, for he began life as an American Army

surgeon, drifted into burlesque, was fascinated by farce, and developed into a splendid comedian.

The story of Ellen Terry appearing in a sensation drama, and rushing upon the stage enfolded in the deadly coil of a serpent, and paralysing her audience by her assumed terror, has been told by herself and countless biographers at second hand. It has, however, never been better told than by her old and faithful friend, "Joe Knight," who was present with me on that memorable occasion. It was an incident, — little more, — but neither of us have ever forgotten it.

But, so far as my memory is concerned, I shall always date the Ellen Terry that I have known, and have studiously followed since childhood, from the Haymarket engagement under the management of Buckstone (old Bucky), a once famous and most popular actor; but, alas, how soon forgotten! When I talk to-day of Buckstone or Benjamin Webster or Compton or Robson or Robert Keeley, or the heroes of the past, people simply stare and shrug their shoulders. When I was a lad I liked to hear playgoers discuss the favourites of their time. But nowadays the young playgoer is firmly convinced and persuaded

that the stage only began to exist when Henry Irving became manager of the Lyceum Theatre. They consider it was chaos before that auspicious event, and creation afterwards; but we who were in the movement before the name of Henry Irving was ever heard of can prove the contrary to be the real truth.

The appearance of Ellen Terry as the girl in *The Little Treasure* (*La Joie de la Maison*), a Haymarket play once connected with the fame of an exceedingly attractive and beautiful lady at the same theatre, called Blanche Fane, first introduces her name with that of Edward

Askew Sothern, — the father of three clever young actors.

I can hear old Buckstone when he first saw Ellen Terry, and was convinced of her talent as a lovely girl, suggesting, in his comical way, *The Little Treasure* as worthy of production, based on his recollections of the enormous popularity of Blanche Fane, the idol of the young men of her day, — the late fifties.

So Ellen Terry appeared as "The Little Treasure" to the Captain Maydenblush of the celebrated Lord Dundreary, with whom she was associated, also in *Our American Cousin* as Georgiana in one of the many

MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Ellaline in "The Amber Heart"

revivals of this phenomenally successful play.

One of Ellen Terry's biographers places it on record that the beautiful, fair-haired girl in the early sixties at the Haymarket disliked Edward Sothern. There is no accounting for the likes or dislikes of fair women. At any rate Ellen Terry must have been in a minority, for the elder Sothern was more liked by women of his time of all classes and of all ages than any actor I have ever known. A good actor, a mighty Nimrod, a tall, handsome fellow, a pronounced humourist, Edward Askew Sothern was emphatically a lady-killer. But unfor-

tunately the fatally foolish biographer gives a reason for the dislike in this instance. It was that Sothern was such a determined practical joker. Now if there was one particular quality possessed by man which would appeal to Ellen Terry and the Ellen Terry temperament, it was that power of practical joking. She herself has hugged that same gift from girlhood to this very hour. If ever there was a madcap on or off the stage it was, and is, Ellen Terry. Of her it may indeed be said she was born to speak "all mirth and no matter." I have seen her sit on the stage in a serious play and literally cry with

laughing, the audience mistaking her fun for deep emotion; and actors have told me that in most pathetic scenes she has suddenly been attracted by the humorous side of the situation and almost made them "dry up," as the saying is.

I remember that Walter Gordon, a dear old friend of mine who was in the Haymarket company in the days of Buckstone and Ned Sothern, told me that they were playing some scene connected with the legendary days of King Arthur. There was a marvellous stone, of sacred origin, on a Saxon altar, which no Knight of the Round

Table could move notwithstanding all his strength and heroism. One after another of these strong men approached the stone, and all failed in the attempt to lift it or even move it a quarter of an inch.

Ellen Terry was in the play, and, in one of her madcap moods, she approached the altar and the sacred stone (made of course of property stuff to resemble granite), and tossed it into the air as if it had been a child's ball, murmuring to the audience with childish glee, "Why, it 's the easiest thing in the world." This scene must have occurred in a polyglot play called *Buckstone at Home*, a kind of révue in

which the lively young lady appeared as Britannia.

The anecdote of Ellen Terry at a straight-laced and sedate dinner party, suddenly bounding into the room dressed as Cupid, to shock propriety, may or may not be true. If not "vero" it is certainly "ben trovato," and is quoted to this hour to illustrate the temperament of this remarkable woman.

But there is one good story ascribed to another actress that is quite in the Ellen Terry vein, and has, I am confident, been placed on the wrong shoulders.

A somewhat self-satisfied, vainglorious, and grumpy actor com-

plained that the merry actress continually laughed in one of his most important scenes. He had not the courage to tell her his objections, so he wrote her a letter of heartbroken complaint.

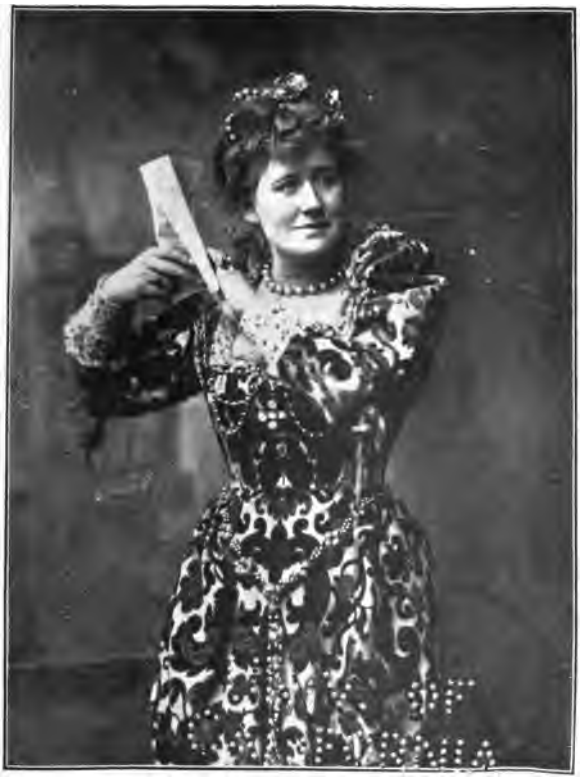
Dear ———

I am extremely sorry to tell you that it is impossible for me to make any effect in such and such a scene if you persist in laughing at me on the stage, and so spoiling the situation. May I ask you to change your attitude, as the scene is a most trying one.

Truly yours,

——— ———.

The answer was very direct and to the point.



MISS ELLEN TERRY

As Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing"

Dear ———

You are quite mistaken. I never laugh at you on the stage. I wait till I get home!

Yours truly,

——— ———.

The early professional life of Ellen Terry was, to the great disappointment of her warmest admirers, fitful, wayward, and uncertain. She would appear, and then mysteriously disappear again, alternately beaming on us, and then flying away again like some beautiful butterfly.

One of her biographers attempts to justify this erratic proceeding by a quotation from Talma, one of the greatest French actors, but one also

who talked a good deal of indefensible nonsense about his profession. If he really said that "long spells of rest and abstinence" from acting were to be recommended in order that "the sympathy may not become dulled or the imagination impaired," he spoke words that are quite aggravatingly untrue. In this art, as indeed in all others, practice, and practice alone makes perfect, and the true artist never considers that the perfection line can ever be over-reached.

I grant that to continue to play the same part for hundreds and hundreds of nights on a stretch may dull the faculties and become ruin-

ous to the imagination. But hard work, and as much of it as possible, never hurt any craftsman. To the real artist, life is too short to allow us to spare one minute in trying to attain perfection. Luckily, in this instance, the long spells of leisure did no harm to this particular artist; but it would be extremely rash to say that she did not act far better when she got into regular harness again. She was fairly back in the fold when she gave us those most beautiful creations, Portia and Olivia. I agree with Tennyson that "unto him who works and feels he works the same Grand Year is ever at the doors."

Tom Taylor and Charles Reade had always been firm friends. They collaborated on that excellent play, still a classic, *Masks and Faces*, so it was not astonishing that the fair protégée of Tom Taylor should find herself, sooner or later, after once more playing truant, serving under the leadership of eccentric, clever, and pugnacious Charles Reade.

This is Charles Reade's description of Ellen Terry: "Her eyes are pale, her nose rather long, her mouth nothing particular, complexion a delicate brick-dust, her hair rather like tow. Yet somehow she is beautiful. Her expres-

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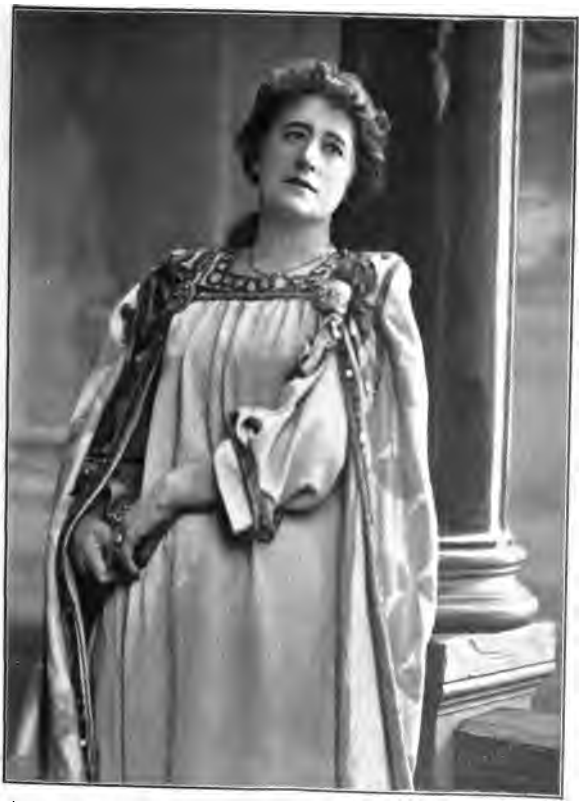
sion kills any pretty face
beside her. Her figure is
bony; her hand masculin
and form. Yet she is a
of fawn-like grace. Wh
movement or repose, *grace*
the hussy."

I don't think I ever met
determined and obstinate
as Charles Reade, or on
with an angelic smile, wr
alarmingly scurrilous letter
How well I remember the
of the old Queen's Theatre
Acre, now turned into a
factory! It was built on
of the old St. Martin's Hal
John Hullah, a musical en

gave monster concerts and oratorios, and had some wonderful system for teaching the art in a popular form.

Charles Reade opened the ball with a new play called *The Double Marriage*, which was founded on his own novel, *White Lies*, which again was founded on an old French melodrama by Maquet. When this fact was pointed out to the angry old gentleman by Captain Alfred Thompson, who knew the French stage by heart, and by Leopold Lewis, who translated *The Bells* for Irving, and when in the pages of a clever periodical, "The Mask," ample quotations were given



MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Cordelia in "King Lear"

from the French melodrama to prove the plagiarism, then the "feathers began to fly."

It was a hideous "ruction" whilst it lasted, and of course Charles Reade talked about his honour and his dignity as a public writer and a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, which Fellowship kept him a lifelong bachelor, and threatened the "satirical rogues" with all the penalties of the law.

I remember that on that evening I sat at the back of the dress circle with my old friend Charles Mathews and "Mrs. Charley," Arthur Sketchley, and Palgrave Simpson. We all rejoiced that

Ellen Terry was to come back to the stage to play the heroine. Alfred Wigan, Charles Wyndham, and Lal Brough were all in the cast, and they were soon to be joined at this theatre by Johnnie Toole and those then very promising young actors, Henry Irving and Jack Clayton, — the adopted son of Palgrave Simpson, the dramatist. The hit of the evening was unquestionably made by Wyndham in a romantic part, but the piece proved a failure. The audience hissed it, and nearly sent irritable Charles Reade into a fit; for he was intolerant of criticism, either from the public or journalists.

A stop gap was found in Tom Taylor's *Still Waters Run Deep*, founded on a novel by Charles de Bernard. I suppose I was a heretic, even in those days. I never cared for Alfred Wigan as John Mildmay. Wyndham has since played the part a thousand times better. He was the Hawksley on this occasion. Mrs. Alfred Wigan, who had a mania for society and titled people, was a clever actress, but not an atom like Mrs. Sternhold, though it was rank heresy to say so at that time. Still I never at any time saw Mrs. John Mildmay better acted than by Ellen Terry. I recall to this day her

plaintive parting with her prig of a husband, — she all poetry and imagination, he all prose and matter of fact.

It should never be forgotten that it was at this very theatre, and under this same management, that Ellen Terry first met and acted with Henry Irving. How little did either of them know that in a few years' time they would be associated in the great art work of their age, and that they would go down to posterity as the most famous actor and actress of the Victorian Era.

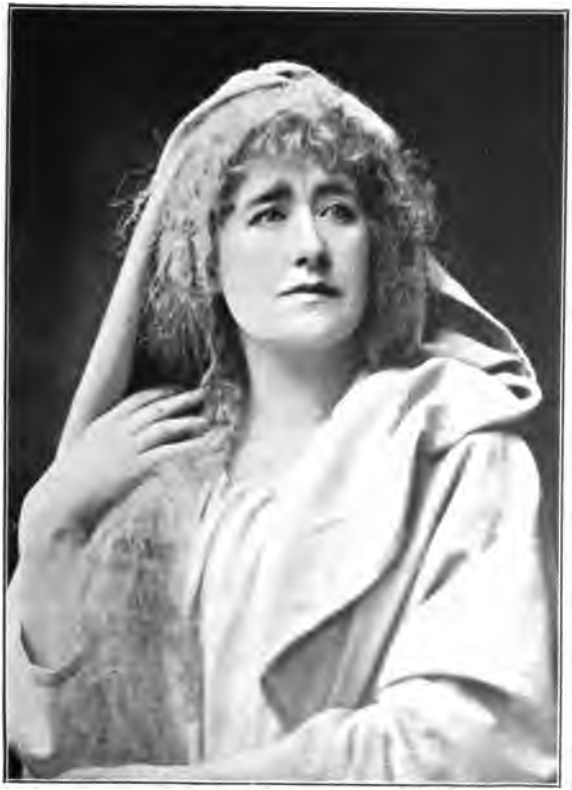
It is said, "Coming events cast their shadows before," but in this case

it was the very faintest possible shadow, and the meeting of these distinguished artists took place in David Garrick's shameful old farce, or travesty, of Shakespeare which, I regret to say, still holds the stage, called, *Katharine and Petruchio.*

I have not much recollection of the performance, save that Ellen Terry was the sweetest shrew ever seen, and that it seemed barbaric to crack a whip in her presence, or to go through the tomfoolery of the blackened leg of mutton and the bonnet-boxes. Irving must have been angular, and, as John Oxenford said, more like a "brigand chief" than an ideal Petru-

chio. The true and the new Katharine and Petruchio were reserved, years after, for Ada Rehan and John Drew. Before these brilliant American artists came to London, we had never seen the *Taming of the Shrew*, as it ought to be acted, or had conceived such a Katharine were possible. It was a revelation.

During one of her spasmodic returns to the stage, I have a vivid recollection of Ellen Terry's Philippa in *The Wandering Heir*, by Charles Reade, a part originally created by Mrs. John Wood. It was the first time that I ever saw the delightful actress in what old



MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Lady Macbeth in "Macbeth"

stagers used to call "breeches parts."

Looking back, as I do, through the vista of the past, and still seeing Philippa struggling as a boy to forget she is really a woman, with a woman's heart and impulse, it is not unnatural that I should say to myself, "What a Lady Ursula, Ellen Terry would have made!" and how Mrs. Hodgson Burnett would have rejoiced had she the assistance of such an artist for Clorinda Wildairs in her *Lady of Quality*.

Ellen Terry's serious stage work really began when she was engaged by the Bancrofts to play Portia in

Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* at — of all theatres of the world — the little old Prince of Wales Theatre in the Tottenham Court Road, hitherto dedicated to the "teacup and saucer drama" and Robertsonian comedies. We could scarcely believe our ears when the announcement was made. Shakespeare in a bandbox! that was the comment.

Sir Squire Bancroft as he is now, I shall always consider the very best manager of my time. He has an orderly and precise mind; he is a man of good taste and rare judgment, emphatically a long and level headed man. He has been one of the very few of my time who was

able to retire at a comparatively early age, having made a fortune by his own and his clever wife's endeavours.

Bandbox or no bandbox, *The Merchant of Venice* was never so superbly set on the stage, not even at the Lyceum, as it was in the little theatre off the Tottenham Court Road. Bancroft's tact in anticipating the verdict of the public in plays and actors was little less than marvellous.

It was he who selected Ellen Terry for Portia, the most beautiful ever seen, and started her on what may be called her serious stage career.

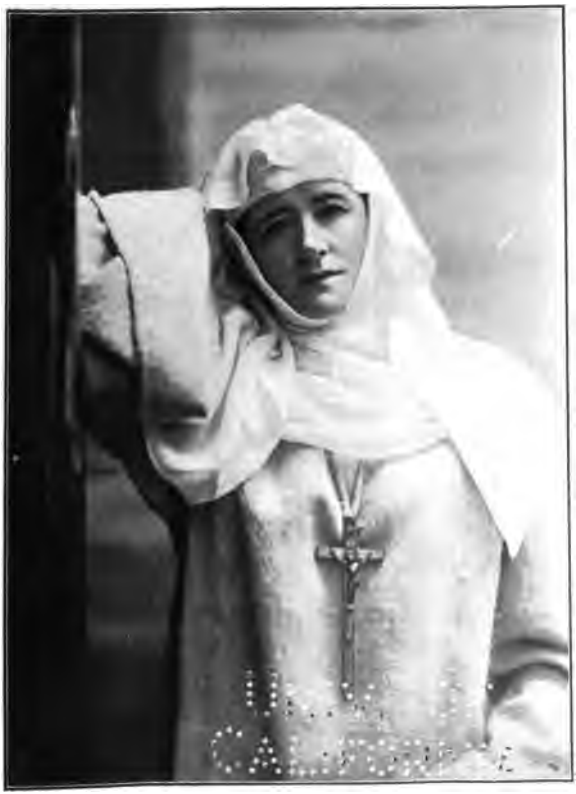
Bancroft, it must be confessed, had very few failures indeed to place to his account. This superb version of *The Merchant of Venice* was certainly one of them. Not even the glorious mounting or the exquisite acting of Ellen Terry could save it. It was *The Merchant of Venice* without a Shylock, for Charles Coghlan hopelessly failed in the part. The ill-success of *The Merchant of Venice*, which Bancroft accepted with his usual calmness and philosophy, has always been ascribed to the extraordinarily tame and colourless Shylock of Coghlan, a "teacup and saucer" performance, if ever one was seen.

And yet, as I have recently heard on excellent authority, there were some excuses for the actor. Coghlan did not want to play Shylock at all. He would have been quite content to play Antonio, to say some older actor, such as Hermann Vezin; but when it was suggested that George Rignold, a junior as it were, should be the Shylock, then Coghlan, as the leading man, protested, and said he must be Shylock or nothing.

When Ellen Terry played Portia for the first time, she was in the very perfection of her youth and beauty. She made a superb picture in her glorious Venetian costumes,

and she moved with the grace and ease of a fawn.

Bulwer (Lord) Lytton, the dramatist, is the "bête noire" of the modern superficial critics. They rave at him whenever he is produced; they scream out at the top of their voices that he is old-fashioned; they babble about his flashy imitation of poetry; and, if they had their way, they would condemn him to the dust-bin. And yet the public, for whom plays are written, the public that this well abused dramatist so well understood, the public that likes a good play containing effective scenes, the public that probably is not indifferent to flashy



MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Fair Rosamund in "Becket"

rhetoric when it cannot get first class poetry, is not dismayed when a manager produces either *Money* or *The Lady of Lyons*.

But, if produced, these old plays must be well acted. They will not stand a Henry Irving as Claude Melnotte; but they were delighted to welcome Charles Fechter as the "gardener's son," flashy rhetoric and all.

With a Marie Bancroft as Lady Franklin, and a George Honey, or Arthur Cecil, as Graves there was no lack of laughter, whether *Money* be old-fashioned or not.

It fell to Ellen Terry to keep green the memory of these old plays that

delighted our fathers who were playgoers. She enacted Clara Douglas and Pauline, as well as they have been ever played in our time, and showed us that the staginess of the stagiest of old plays can be eliminated by acting so sincere and natural as that of Ellen Terry. I now come to a new and very important period in the art life of this remarkable woman. We have seen her fitful, uncertain vagabond life since childhood, — here, there, and everywhere, on and off the stage, the idol of painters and the artistic world in general. We have seen her tempted to the Bancroft school, where, according to her own ac-

count, she intended to stay for evermore; but, as we all know, promises such as these are like the proverbial pie-crust, made to be broken, especially by women of this unreliable temperament. We have welcomed her on the tiny Bancroft stage in her second wonderful performance, that of Portia, — as lovely a picture as her girl Hero of years before.

Another artistic manager now claimed the services of Ellen Terry. This was John Hare, whose début I had seen, as a mere boy, when Marie Wilton first became manageress; and Hare had been loyal to the Bancroft cause ever since. It

is a matter of stage history that John Hare was, with Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft), the keystone of the success of the Robertsonian comedies. It was Hare who made the success in Robertson's first production of *Society*. Such performances as Sam Gerridge in *Caste*, and Beau Farintosh in *School*, had never been seen before on the English stage, and are never likely to be seen again.

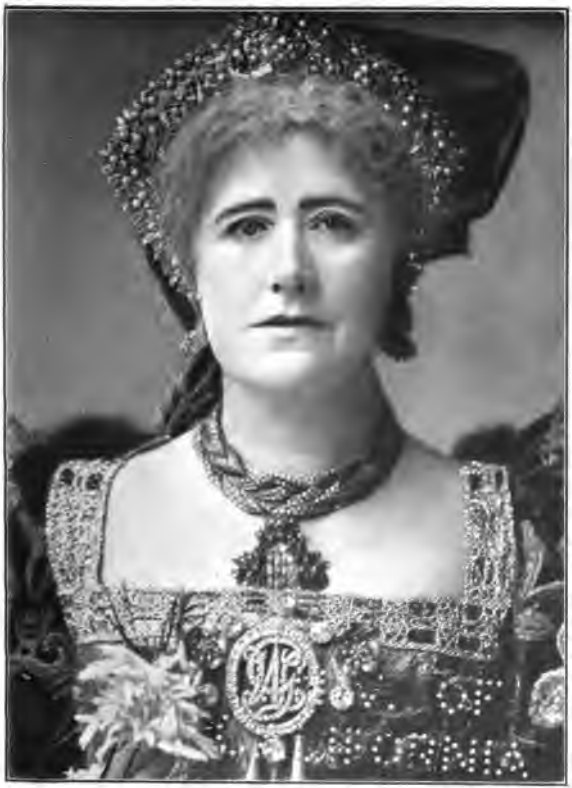
I do not write this with prejudice. There are certain characters that fit men and women like kid gloves. They are part and parcel of themselves; they are seemingly the actual people they are interpreting.

Amongst such I may mention the Polly Eccles of Marie Bancroft, there never can be another "Polly" like that; the Sam Gerridge of John Hare, — well, his son Gilbert is an excellent artist, he 's a veritable chip of the old block, but still it is not the same Sam Gerridge; the Paula Tanqueray of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, there will never be another of that exact pattern and design; the Elder Miss Blossom of Mrs. Kendal, — a creation that no other woman in the world could displace; and, of course, the Rip Van Winkle of Joseph Jefferson. I could add to the list, but this will suffice for the purpose of argument.

It is not that one impression cannot be removed by another impression, one reading by another reading, but there are certain artists who defy competition in certain characters.

I am often told, "Oh, there are others quite as good!" I wish there were. I should like to see another Mrs. Keeley and another Frederic Robson, and I should dearly love the young men and women of to-day to see another Charles Fechter, — the best romantic actor I ever saw.

Well, the happy family that had so long flourished in the Tottenham Court Road Theatre had to be



MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Queen Katharine in " King Henry VIII."

broken up and dispersed. Bancroft and Hare, who started life as companions and boys, always "making up" and dressing in the same room at the theatre, were married and fathers of families.

Both were fired with ambition. Bancroft determined to become a manager on a grand scale, and became lessee of the historic Haymarket. John Hare thought it high time also that he should become a manager, — the apparent life-object of every successful actor. He, therefore, took the Court Theatre, way down in remote Chelsea, — a suburban little bandbox which had once been a dissenting chapel

— church and the stage once more under the same roof.

John Hare pinned his faith at the outset to three individuals. First, Charles Coghlan, for whose art and literary talent he had a supreme admiration. He knew that Charles Coghlan could not only act, but could write plays, and he determined he would exploit his friend in the dual rôle of actor and dramatist.

His second choice was Charles Kelly (Wardell), who promised to be one of the best artists of his kind in London. He had been an officer in a crack cavalry regiment; he was extremely well educated;

he had a cultured and logical mind; and he had that extraordinary power of "grip" that so few Anglo-Saxon actors possess. He reminded one of Dumaine and Arnold Dupuis in France, of Charles Thorne in America, and of John Clayton in England. At one time Charles Kelly threatened to be the best of them all.

The third string to John Hare's bow in his new venture and first experience in management was Ellen Terry, who married the second string to the bow, — Charles Kelly (Wardell).

Her first marriage was an artistic one, — George F. Watts, the cele-

brated painter and a genius. Her second marriage was a dramatic one, — Charles Kelly, the officer-actor, a man of excellent talent, of firm determination, and who could argue and argue well on any given subject.

For a time things did not prosper very brightly at the Court Theatre, and it looked as if John Hare's experiment would be doomed to failure. The Charles Coghlan play, *Brothers*, the posthumous Lord Lytton's play, *The House of Darnley*, the *Victims* of Tom Taylor were frozen out. The only success at the outset was made by Ellen Terry as Lilian Vavasour in

New Men and Old Acres, a part originally created by Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal).

Then suddenly John Hare was inspired. He wanted an English play, on an English subject, with an English setting, and acted by the best representatives of the English school. Suddenly he must have cried, "Eureka! I have found it!" [It was Oliver Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield.*] A happier idea could not have occurred to mortal man. We were in the middle of a seventeenth century craze. We were all mad about blue china, Chippendale chairs, Sheraton sideboards, old spinets, and brass fire-irons.

George du Maurier, with his "Punch" pictures, had started the fashion, and there was scarcely one in the artistic world who did not in their own home and belongings revert with joy to the modes and whims of their great-grandmothers. The men ransacked the bric-a-brac shops for last century china, clocks, and furniture; the women appeared wearing the mob caps, bibs, tuckers, fichus, and frills of their ancestors.

The age was exactly ripe for the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and John Hare, with his keen instinct, pictured in his mind's eye an ideal "Olivia" in Ellen Terry.

MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Guinevere in "King Arthur"

John Hare was right!

Once again, he, with faultless judgment, set W. G. Wills to work on a dramatisation of the immortal book which Oliver Goldsmith himself never destined for the stage. It was a happy choice. This delightful Irishman — Wills — has given the stage better work than the majority of his fellows. His friends could consent to rest his reputation on *Charles the First*, *Eugene Aram*, *Vanderdecken*, and *Olivia*.

It is the sneering fashion of to-day to pooh-pooh and to belittle poor W. G. Wills, as Sheridan Knowles and Bulwer Lytton were pooh-poohed before him; but, for all

that, his plays will live when the work of much more vaunted dramatists will be forgotten.

The excitement of John Hare, the manager, who had determined not to act himself this time, but to devote himself to a triumph of stage management, became infectious. It was caught up by Marcus Stone, the Royal Academician, who loved the period, by Wills the dramatist, the fellow-countryman of Oliver Goldsmith, and the whole company, including Ellen Terry and William Terriss, who, as Olivia and young Squire Thornhill, made the great and abiding successes of their artistic lives.

I once thought that *L'Ami Fritz* of Erckmann-Chatrian, as staged and acted at the Comédie Française in Paris, was the most perfect "play of a period," a purely pastoral and idyllic play, that had ever been seen on any stage.

John Hare went "one better" with *Olivia*. The play was an exact and faithful reproduction of one of the most graceful and picturesque periods of Old England.

The exact period of the *Vicar of Wakefield* might have had its disadvantages: there were no railways; gas and electric light were unknown quantities; there were no hurrying or scurrying, no bustle

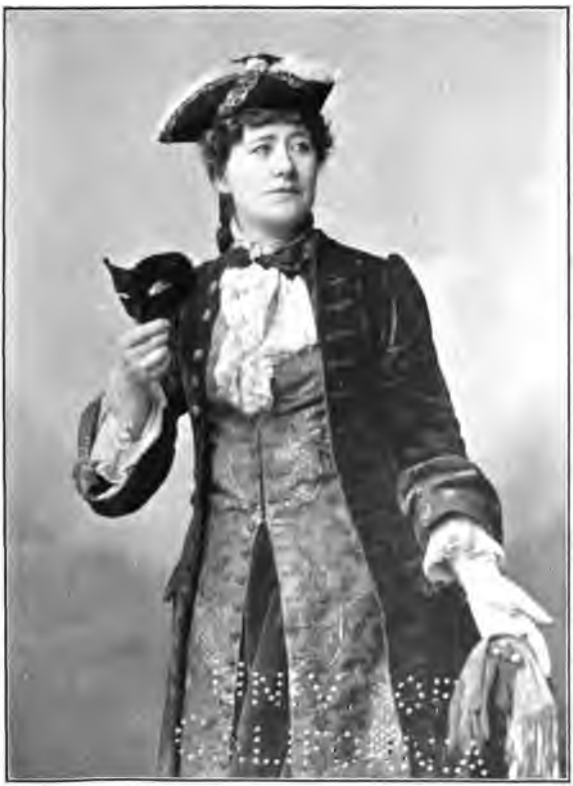
or scramble; but, dear me, what peace, what serenity, what dignity, what supreme love of God's country as against man's town!

It was this exquisitely calm atmosphere that John Hare and William G. Wills caught so happily. It was Old England in its most loveable attire, — the Old England of pink-and-white apple-blossoms, yellow daffodils, and blue-bells; when simplicity had not been destroyed by steam and smoke; the England that Ruskin wrote about and that poets and painters love.

Olivia, as I first saw it at the Court Theatre, is a memory that will never die whilst life lasts. It is

one of the most precious souvenirs in my collection. I did not quite like the Dr. Primrose selected for the Court production, before Henry Irving ever dreamed of playing the part. An excellent and experienced actor may not have the tenderness, the parental affection, and the pastoral simplicity required for the *Vicar of Wakefield.* At that time, if John Hare himself and Charles Kelly wilfully refused the part, if I had been a manager, I should have given it to Arthur Cecil, who had, like Rutland Barrington, the "clergyman tone," which is so essential in a play of this kind. But words fail to convey an ade-

quate impression of the original Olivia, — the spoiled child and darling of the English home as portrayed by Ellen Terry. I see the idol of her old father's heart. Vividly and clearly is presented to my memory the scene where Olivia, under the hypnotic influence of love, bids farewell to her loved ones, scattering around her little treasures, and that "white face at the window," when "Livvy" is on the high road to destruction. All that was pathetic enough; but the dramatic effect was bound to follow, and it came with vivid truth in the great scene between Ellen Terry and William Terriss.



MISS ELLEN TERRY

As Lucy Ashton in "Ravenswood"

At that time both actor and actress were perfect specimens of manly beauty and feminine grace. Terriss was just the dare-devil, defiant, creature, handsome to a fault, that women like Olivia love. He looked superb in his fine clothes, and his very insolence was fascinating and attractive.

When Olivia struck Squire Thornhill in her distraction and impotent rage, an audible shudder went through the audience. It was all so unsuspected. But the truth of it was shown by the prolonged and audible "Oh!" that accompanied it. When we talk of the Ellen Terry manner, and her indescribable charm,

where, may I ask, were they ever better shown than in the scene where Olivia kisses the holly from the hedge at home, and then hangs it on a chair and dances round it with childish delight. And so it went on from perfection to perfection. For me there will be only one Olivia, — Ellen Terry.

Fate willed it that this same *Olivia* should be the great stepping-stone in the career of the now famous actress.

They came to see her; *we* saw and applauded; *she* conquered — everybody.

Henry Irving, by one of his acts of dramatic diplomacy, had somehow

or other shaken himself clear of the Bateman faction. Into the rights or wrongs of that controversy it is not my province to enter. We must never expect to hear the "still small voice of gratitude" in any walk of life, least of all in the theatrical profession, whose members are notorious for calmly and complacently shaking off their obligations, and very often biting the hand that once fed their ambition. At least I have found it so, and I can often sigh with Wordsworth, —

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning.

Alas! the Gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning."

At any rate old "Colonel" Bateman was dead and buried; his widow, who succeeded him as manager, was conveniently shelved; and Henry Irving became manager of the Lyceum Theatre.

He naturally wanted a leading lady, one who would not disturb his triumphs, but, on the contrary, would materially assist them, one who would occupy a very comfortable throne by his side without combating his supremacy,—in fact, a beautiful, talented, popular, amenable Queen to sit by the side of the ambitious Lyceum King.

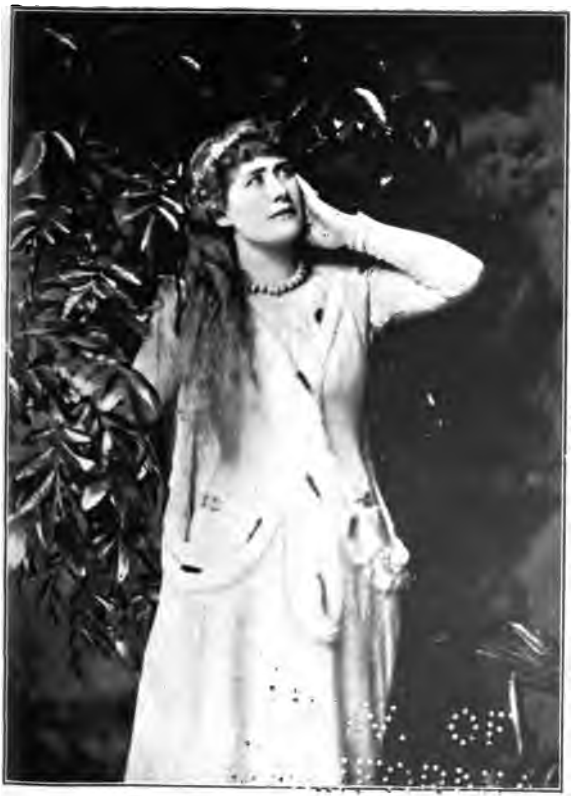
He could not have discovered a better theatrical consort than Ellen Terry. Fate willed her for the part she had to play. No stroke of diplomacy was more sure and convincing. Macready owed much of his fame to Helen Faucit. Half the success of Charles Kean's career was made by his talented wife, who had cleverness, but no beauty to recommend her.

History will have to decide in the distant future how much of Henry Irving's success was due at the outset of his managerial career to the extraordinary influence, charm, and fascination of Ellen Terry.

I am certain of one thing, that a

more loyal comrade, no actor-manager ever had. I have sometimes thought that when it was decreed from the Lyceum Throne that Ellen Terry was to play Lady Macbeth to the Master's Macbeth, and Queen Katharine to the new Cardinal Wolsey, and various other characters within the conspicuous talent, but outside the peculiar temperament of the actress, that during this long Lyceum reign she might have been allowed to play Rosalind, the one of all the Shakespearian heroines whose temperament was so absolutely pronounced in Ellen Terry.

If ever there was a born Rosalind,



MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Iolanthe in "King Rene's Daughter"

it was Ellen Terry, and I should not have thought it would have been outside any managerial policy to engage the best possible stripling for Orlando, and for the Lyceum manager to give us a new, a true, and, I am sure, a most philosophic reading of Jacques.

But, alas! *As You Like It* was never on the Lyceum list, and now it is too late.

Alluding to what I have before referred to as the Ellen Terry temperament, which in my humble judgment is too pronounced and sweet for Lady Macbeth, and I am certain I said so, I can recall a most interesting discussion we had

on this subject soon after the revival at the Lyceum, when Ellen Terry succeeded to Lady Macbeth in place of Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe).

I remember her saying, in her generous, emphatic way, —

"You have hit the blot, 'an empty barren cry.'" Indeed it was.

"When I called on the Spirits to unsex me, I acted that bit just as badly as anybody could act anything.

"You know it was most kind of you to suppose that I could act Lady Macbeth. You wrote from that point of view which in itself is a very great compliment.

"For my own part, I am quite surprised to find I am *really* a useful actress. For I really am."

Of course I laughed at the idea that anybody in the wide world could urge that she was not, and I implored her to go on.

"Well," said Ellen Terry, with justifiable sarcasm, "I have been able to get through with such parts as Ophelia, Olivia, Beatrice, Margaret, and Lady Macbeth, and my aim is usefulness to my lovely art and to Henry Irving. This is not a very high ambition, is it? But long ago I gave up dreaming, and I think I see things as they are — especially see myself as I am, alas!

both off and on the stage, and I only aspire to help a little."

Then we drifted on to Ellen Terry's conception of Lady Macbeth, and here her views became to me pregnant with interest.

"Mind you though," she said vivaciously, and with intense enthusiasm, "although I know I cannot do what I want to do in this part, I don't even *want* to be 'a fiend,' and *can't* believe for a moment that Lady Macbeth did *conceive* that murder — that *one* murder.

"Most women," she went on, "break the law during their lives; few women realise the consequences

of what they do to-day." Again the earnest artist returned to her own reading of the character.

"I do believe," she said, "that at the end of that Banquet, that poor wretched creature was brought through agony and sin to repentance, and was forgiven. Surely she called the spirits to be made bad, because she knew she was not so very bad?"

"But was Lady Macbeth good?" I asked.

"No, she was not good, but not so much worse than many women you know."

Away she broke in her impetuous way, and darted on to another sub-

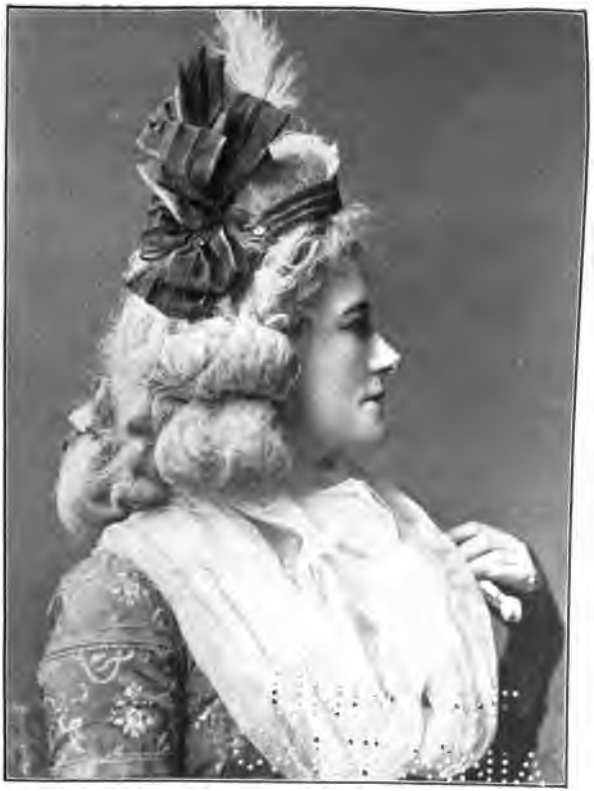
ject, after we had discussed what murders a woman would commit, for child or lover, a subject on which the actress was profoundly interesting.

"You would have laughed the other night though. The man at the side put the paint —"

Then came the Ellen Terry shudder, and she went on in her deep tragic voice, —

"*The Blood!* On my hands, and in the hurry and excitement I did n't look; but when I saw it, I just burst out crying."

That of course *is* the Ellen Terry temperament, and she never acted better. After a mock self-accusa-



MISS ELLEN TERRY

As Catherine Duval in "The Dead Heart"

tion, all in the vein of tragic-comedy, she went on, —

"You say I can't be Lady Macbeth, whilst all the time you see I am quite as bad."

Immediately I dissented, but she went on, —

"Don't have me hanged, drawn, and quartered after this. You are quite right, I can't play Lady Macbeth; but it 's because my methods are not right, and, oh, nothing is right about it yet. To be consistent to a conviction is what I am going to try for."

Then came a very pretty compliment, which touched me very much. "It 's good of you to have

'let me down easy;' but I care most for what you think than because you say it to others in print."
Away she went again at a tangent about the shoes of Mrs. Siddons.
"Was it not nice of an actress; she sent me Mrs. Siddons' shoes! — not to wear, but to keep. I wish I could have 'stood in 'em.' She played Lady Macbeth, — *her* Lady Macbeth, not Shakespeare's, and if I *could* I would have done hers, for Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth was a fool to it."
I roared with laughter.
"But at the same time," she went on, "I don't think I'd even care to try to imitate her imitators."

I mentioned Helen Faucit.

"Ah!" she said enthusiastically, "I wish I could have seen Helen Faucit in the part. I do believe *she* was the rightest, although not to be looked at by the side of the Siddons' portrait, as a single effective figure."

The career of Ellen Terry at the Lyceum has been one long triumph, and it is only fair to her to say that she has made as many friends in America as in England.

In her art she is, above all, an "impressionist" of the finest order, and so she has been recognised by the English-speaking world.

If I were asked to give an order

of merit in connection with Ellen Terry's Shakespearian creations, I should classify them thus, —

1. Beatrice.
2. Portia.
3. Ophelia.

And for the rest, —

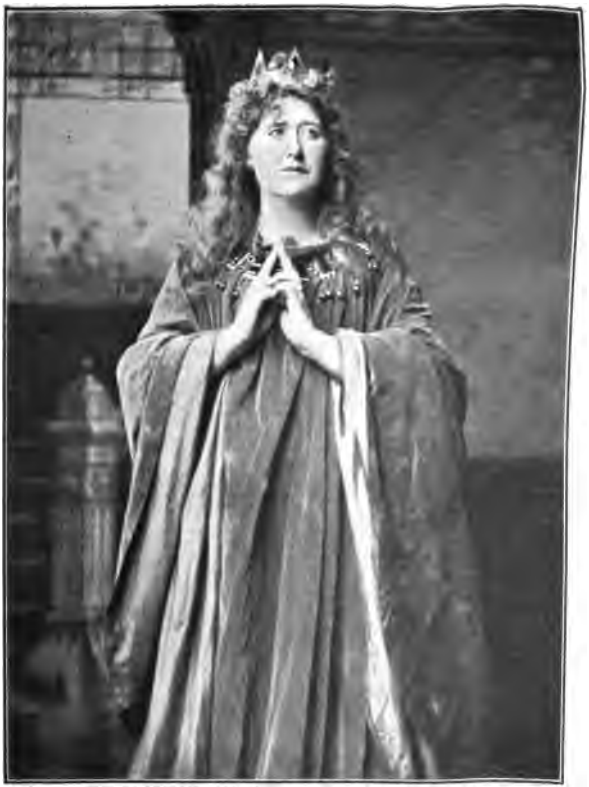
1. Olivia.
2. Camma.
3. Margaret.

I do not think that sufficient credit was ever given to Ellen Terry for her conspicuous success in connection with the Lyceum campaign. At the outset, she was quite as popular as Henry Irving. In fact she had a double *clientèle*.

The clever men were at her feet, notably all the artists and musicians of note, and she was the positive idol of that enthusiastic creature known in America as the "Matinée Girl."

My friend William Archer is inclined to snub and deride this young lady, and to class her with stage-struck assistants at stores and stenographers; but I have studied her closely, and find her an exceptionally cultured and delightfully enthusiastic creature. Such enthusiasms do as much good to the stage as to the individual. The Matinée Girl spends her pocket-money on flower gifts for her idol, male or female;

she is an excellent client to the photographer; and if she may be classed with the "autograph fiend," she has more claim on the patience of popular artists than most people. We have hundreds of Matinée Girls in London, though they are not so classified; they attend the theatre as devoutly in the evening as in the morning. Such as these have never been converted from the "cultus" of Ellen Terry. When this charming creature first joined Henry Irving to "build an everlasting name" for the Lyceum Theatre, she was in the very perfection of health, grace, and beauty. She was the ideal picture in every



MISS ELLEN TERRY
As Nance Oldfield in "Nance Oldfield"

picture presented on the Lyceum stage.

Certain plays, revived for her sake, might have been forgotten save for the delightful art of Ellen Terry. One I may name in particular, the *Charles the First* of W. G. Wills. Henrietta Maria, the ill-fated Queen, had been fairly played before, when first acted under the Bateman régime; but nothing more exquisitely pathetic was ever seen on any stage than the parting in the last act, just before the King goes to execution. The throb in her voice, the lovely sense of maternity, the tender treatment of the children, and the woman's determina-

tion not to "break down" when her lord and master was going to his death, — are things that abide for ever in the memory.

This parting scene is, if such a remark is not heretical, even better than the sad parting of Olivia before she leaves the loved ones in the Vicarage of Wakefield, distributing her trinkets and her toys, kissing them all between her sobs, and seen in the dim evening, passing the window like a grey shadow to her doom, — poor, fate-haunted "Livvy."

Here, then, we have the *Charles the First* play, absolutely improved, by the new and inspired Henrietta

Maria; and her own Olivia restored to the Lyceum with an Olivia even sweeter and more loveable than the old clergyman's child that we found at the Court Theatre, and certainly the best Vicar of Wakefield ever seen, in Henry Irving. For there were plenty of stage versions of Oliver Goldsmith's immortal romance before the gentle and genial Irishman, W. G. Wills, took it in hand.

There are at least three plays in which Ellen Terry particularly distinguished herself at the Lyceum that are sometimes passed over in comparative silence by her critics. I refer to *Iolanthe*, which had been

previously acted in other versions such as *King René's Daughter* by Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Charles Kean, and Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), the *Amber Heart* by Alfred Calmour, in which Ellen Terry was at her very best, and Camma in the *Cup*, by the Poet Laureate, Alfred Tennyson.

Ellen Terry as Camma, aptly realised the poet's lines, —

"The Lark first takes the sunlight on his wing,
But you, twin sister of the morning sun,
Forelead the Sun!"

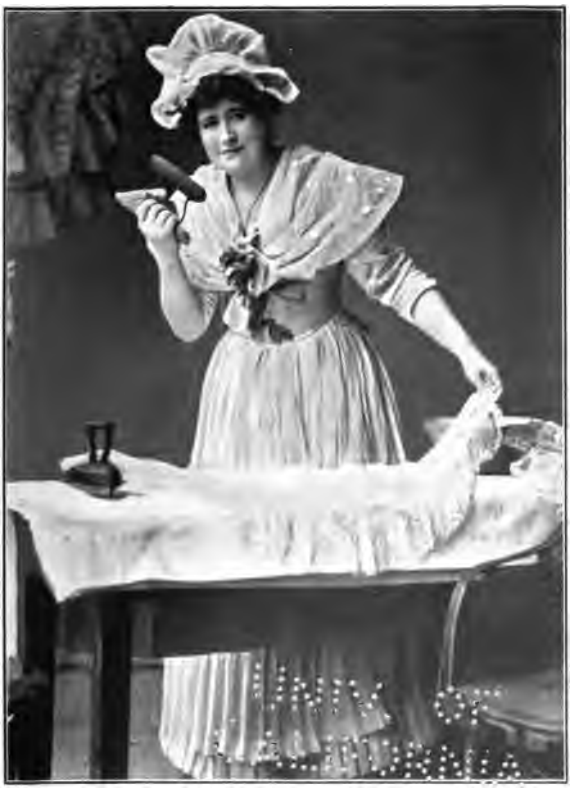
Who that ever heard it can forget the pathos of Ellen Terry as she

parted from Sinnatus and delivered these lovely lines, —

" He is gone already :
Oh, look ! — yon grove upon the mountain — white
In the sweet moon, as with a lovelier snow !
But what a blotch of blackness underneath !
Sinnatus, you remember — yea, you must —
That there three years ago, the vast vine-bowers
Ran to the summit of the trees, and dropt
Their streamers earthward, which a breeze of May
Took ever and anon, and opened out,
The purple zone of hill and heaven ; there

You told your love; and, like the swaying vines—
Yea, with our eyes, our hearts, our prophet hopes,
Let in the happy distance, and that all
But cloudless heaven which we have found together
In our three married years! You kissed me there
For the first time. Sinnatus, kiss me now!"

I, for one, shall never forget the end of the play, with the libations poured in the honour of Artemis, and amidst music and flowers and processions, faultless in colour, and of classic pomp, making the dull mind live in another age, we hear intoned, with strophe and anti-



MISS ELLEN TERRY

As Catherine Huebscher in "Madame Sans Gêne"

strophe of chanting chorus, the double appeal by Camma and Synorix, containing as it does the most impassioned poetry of the play.

Synorix. O Thou, that dost inspire the germ with life,
The child, a thread within the house of birth,
And give him limbs, then air, and send him forth
The glory of his father — thou whose breath
Is balmy wind to robe our hills with grass,
And kindle all our vales with myrtle blossom,
And roll the golden oceans of our grain
And sway the long grape-bunches of our vines,

And fill all hearts with fatness, and the lust
Of plenty — make me happy in my marriage!

Chorus. Artemis, Artemis, hear him, Ionian Artemis!

Camma. O Thou, that slayest the babe within the womb
Or in the being born, or after slayest him
As boy or man — great Goddess, whose storm-voice
Unsockets the strong oak, and rears his root
Beyond his head, and strews our fruits, and lays
Our golden grain, and runs to sea and makes it
Foam over all the fleeted wealth of kings,

And peoples, hear!
Who bringest plague and fever, whose quick flash
Smites the memorial pillar to the dust,
Who causes the safe earth to shake and gape,
And gulf and flatten in her closing chasm
Doomed cities, hear!
Whose lava-torrents blast and blacken a province
To a cinder, hear!
Whose water-cataracts find a realm and leave it
A waste of rock and ruin, hear! I call thee
To make my marriage prosper to my wish.
Chorus. Artemis, Artemis, hear her, Ephesian Artemis!

But Camma has drugged the marriage cup with deadly poison, and it is drained by both the bride and bridegroom, when due libation has been made to the goddess at whose altar stands the priestess and the tributary King. The conclusion of the play is singularly fine, magnificent from a scenic point of view in every detail, acted from first to last in the true spirit of the poem, and charged to the brim with the almost extinguished fire of tragic poetry.

Camma. Thou hast drunk enough to
make me happy,
Dost thou feel the love I bear to thee
Glow through thy veins?

Synorix. The love I bear to thee
Glows through my veins since first I looked on thee.
But wherefore slur the perfect ceremony?
The Sovereign of Galatia weds his Queen.
Let all be done to the fullest, in the sight
Of all the Gods. (*He staggers.*) This pain, what is it? — Again?
I had a touch of it last year — in — Rome.
Yes, yes; your arm. I reel beneath the weight of
Utter joy — this all too happy day —
Crown — Queen at once. A moment — it will pass.
O, all ye Gods! Jupiter! Jupiter!
(*Falls backward.*)

Camma. Dost thou cry out upon the Gods of Rome?
Thou art Galatian born. Our Artemis
Has vanquished their Diana.

Synorix. (*On the ground.*) I am poisoned.
Let her not fly.

Camma. Have I not drunk of the same cup with thee?

Synorix. Ay, by the Gods! She too! She too!
Murderous mad-woman! I pray you lift me,
And make me walk awhile, I have heard these poisons
May be walked down. (*Antonius and Publius raise him up.*)
My feet are tons of lead,
They will break in the earth — I am sinking — Hold me!

MISS ELLEN TERRY

As Catherine Duval in "The Dead Heart"

Let me alone! (*They leave him; he sinks down on the ground.*)
Too late—thought myself wise—
A woman's dupe! Antonius, tell the Senate
I have been most true to Rome—would have been truer
To her—if—if—Thou art coming my way, too—
Camma! Good-night! (*Dies.*)

Camma. Same way? Crawl, worm, down thine own dark hole
To the lowest Hell. My Lord Antonius,
I meant thee to have followed—better thus,
If we must go beneath the yoke of Rome.
Have I the Crown on? I will go

To meet him, crowned victor of my will,
On my last voyage; but the wind has failed;
Growing dark, too, but light enough to row,
Row to the Blessed Isles! the Blessed Isles!
There, league on league of ever-shining shores,
Beneath an ever-rising sun. I see him.
Why comes he not to meet me? It is the crown offends him,
And my hands are too sleepy to lift it off.
Camma! Camma! Sinnatus! Sinnatus! (*Dies.*)

And so the curtain falls upon a double death, and a magnificent picture.

I said at the time, "If ever there was a play that from its intrinsic merits demanded a second, if not a third, visit, it is *The Cup*. At present the landscape of Mr. W. Telbin, and the decorative splendour of Mr. Hawes Craven's Temple of Artemis absorb all attention. We seem to see before us the concentrated essence of such fascinating art as that of Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Alma Tadema in a breathing and tangible form. Not only do the grapes grow before us, and the myrtles blossom, the snow mountains change from silver-white at daytime to roseate hues at dawn, not only

are the Pagan ceremonies acted before us with a reality and fidelity that almost baffles description, but in the midst of all this scenic allurement glide the classical draperies of Miss Ellen Terry, who is the exact representative of the period she enacts, while following her we find the eager glances of the fate-haunted Mr. Irving. The pictures that dwell on the memory are countless, and not to be effaced in spell or witchery by any of the most vaunted productions of the stage, even in an era devoted to archæology. We see, as we travel back through this enchanting vista, the first meeting of Synorix and

Camma, — he with his long red hair and haunting eyes, his weird, pale face and swathes of leopard skins; she with her grace of movement, unmatched in our time, clad in a drapery seaweed tinted, with complexion as clear as in one of Sir Frederick Leighton's classical studies, and with every pose studied, but still natural.

We remember Camma as she reclined on the low couch with her harp, moaning about her husband's late-coming, and can recall the hungry eyes of Synorix, as he drank in the magic of her presence. All was good here, the tenderness of the woman, the wicked

eagerness of her lover, the quick, impulsive energy of the husband. Difficult as it was to study anything of the acting, when so much had to be seen, still it was felt that Mr. Irving, Mr. Terriss, and Miss Ellen Terry had well opened the tragedy long before the first curtain fell.

There were time and opportunity, at any rate, to comprehend the subtlety of Mr. Irving's expression in that long soliloquy, how well it was broken up, and how face accorded with action when Sinnatus lay dead, and the frightened Camma had fled to the sanctuary of the Temple. With the first act, but

MISS ELLEN TERRY

As Clarisse de Mauluçon in "Robespierre"

little fault could be found. The fastidious amongst the audience, who complained of dulness and want of action, possibly forgot that whilst their eyes were feasting on the scenery, their ears were closed to the poetry, and on another visit will confess how much meaning and study were at the first blush lost to them. With the aid of the text, the beauties hidden for the moment will reappear.

As for the second act, with its groupings, its grace, its centre figures and surroundings, its hymns to Artemis, its chants and processions, we are inclined to doubt if the Stage has ever given to educated

tastes so rare a treat. In the old days, such pictures might have been caviare to the general public, but the public at the Lyceum is one of culture and a very high order of intelligence. Such poems are necessarily for the fastidious and the elegant in mind and scholarship; but granted the right of the Stage to demand such poetic studies, it would be impossible for modern scenic art to give them more splendour and completeness. Æsthetic tastes have had their necessary ridicule and banter, for everything that is affected is hateful to the ordinary English nature; but here, in this Temple of Artemis,

when Miss Ellen Terry, veiled as the Galatian priestess, stands by the incense-bearing tripod, and Mr. Henry Irving, robed in the scarlet of Rome's tributary King, comes to demand his anxiously expected bride, there is an aiming at the beautiful and thorough, most creditable in itself and distinctly worthy of respect.

But, as I have said before, and I shall never cease to voice the same opinion, there is one Shakesperian heroine, one of the most enchanting, that should have been added to the long list of Ellen Terry's triumphs. To her ideal Ophelia, her ideal Portia, her ideal Beatrice,

should have been added Rosalind. If ever an actress lived who had the Rosalind temperament, it was Ellen Terry. The failure to mount *As You Like It* at the Lyceum, with such a Rosalind at hand, is about the only "lost chord" that I can recall in a delightful dramatic harmony.

All through her career at the Lyceum, Ellen Terry has been loyal to the core, and enthusiastic in her endeavour to assist the art scheme of her gifted partner.

If I cannot follow this artist through the list of plays and style of art identified with Réjane, I must be excused. I do not know her or

recognise her as Madame Sans Gêne or even as the mother in *Robespierre*. It is the first where an excuse has to be found for stage salacity; it is the last where we discuss the details of a nobler, more energising, and loftier art.

I now regretfully take leave of an enchanting subject. In all our careers, artistic or otherwise, we who are in earnest, and speak our mind in the cause of art, have our ups and downs. Sometimes, try to avoid it as much as we may, there is much, very much more than the "rift within the lute."

At any rate, among my most treasured letters I preserve one written

to me on the eve of my departure on a journey round the world in 1892.

10 October, 1892.
22 Barkston Gardens, Earl's Court, S. W.

I send this — which wants no answer, — to say I much hope you are not going away because you are really ill, — *and to wish you every good thing on your journey.* Will you take *me* to Japan? ! ! ! Oh! I want to go there. By — *Jingo! ! ! ! ! !* You 'll be missed here. I *may* chance to see you before you start, but, if not, I pray God be with you and God Bless You.

Yours affectionately,
Ellen Terry.

Monday.